

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be clear, with rising temperature; north-westerly winds.

Milfordland is long on resolutions, buttons and banners and short on delegates.

Some of these days Mr. Boutelle may so far forget as to bark and snap at himself.

The Democratic party should employ a stenographer to take down the ante-convention charges of the Republican leaders.

If the McKinleyites capture the St. Louis Convention, Mr. Platt's financial plank will be as coldly received as Mr. Platt's candidate.

The managers of the Republican race track announce that Jockey Tom Reed has been selected to ride the anti-McKinley nag.

In case McKinley reaches the White House, Mr. Platt will be sure to regret all of those unkind things he has been saying of Ohio men.

Hon. William E. Chandler's standing in the Republican party has been greatly impaired. They will never forgive him for turning State's evidence.

By shipping steel rails to Japan and armor plate to Russia Mr. Carnegie is also pouring some very cold water down the backs of the high tariff arguments.

The Quay people complain that they are being followed by detectives. On the other hand, the McKinley managers declare Quay has no following worth speaking of.

Further speech-making on the Cuban resolutions is useless. Let the Senate vote and the roll call will enable the people to ascertain the positions of the individual Senators.

Those Georgia negroes who got all ready to go to Heaven were not near as smart as those of their race who have arranged to go as delegates to the St. Louis Convention.

Hon. C. K. Davis had a very close call in that scramble for Minnesota delegates. Had he delayed a few hours longer he would not have been able to have called it "a withdrawal."

The reception accorded the Carlisle Presidential boom was anything but cordial. If the Administration desires to suggest a boom that will warm the cockles of the Democratic heart, let it utilize the name of Hon. William Collins Whitney.

Hon. Joseph Manley, the expert accountant of the Reed boom, announces that the claims of Hon. Mark Hanna, the paymaster of the McKinley boom, are unreliable. This is sufficient provocation for Hanna to capitalize an expedition and send it up into New England on a delegate hunt.

HARRISON'S REAPPEARANCE.

Harassed by the importunities from all sides, ex-President Harrison has been compelled to reappear in active politics. He may not be an active candidate in the sense of seeking delegates, or of allowing his friends to seek them for him, but he will have influence—perhaps a controlling influence—in the choice of the Presidential candidate. It is not impossible, indeed it is probable, that he may become a candidate himself.

This is the result of Mark A. Hanna's success and of Major McKinley's discourtesy. The one has been particularly offensive to the other candidates and their friends, because of forcing his candidacy into States which courtesy accorded to them. The other has provoked the enmity of the leaders, invited ridicule to himself, and scandal to the party by corraling Southern delegates. These methods first attracted the attention, provoked amusement, and then incurred the most serious condemnation from all the better class of Republicans. They apprehended defeat. Indeed, triumph could not possibly follow such methods as have been charged against the McKinley boomers, even if McKinley should be nominated.

Back of the methods employed there are objections which will be difficult for McKinley to set aside, and impossible for conservative men not to consider. McKinley is not a great personality. His strength with the manufacturers is his weakness before the people. He is feared as a fanatic and distrusted as a financier. He would commit the party to radical tariff revision in the interest of the class to whom the benefits would accrue, and not represent its sound money ideas. Belonging as he does to the conservative class of his party, ex-President Harrison deprecates the tendency of the radicals to commit the party to

weakening ideas without gaining a strong candidate.

This position makes ex-President Harrison's opposition formidable to McKinley, and places him in the field as a factor for supreme consideration.

The noisy boasting of the McKinley campaign is having retroactive effects. One of them is the reappearance of General Harrison.

THE EAGLE'S SCREAM.

May be in the fulness of time and the good nature of Captain-General Weyler, the United States Government will learn whether Walter Grant Dygert, who has the misfortune to be an American citizen, is dead or alive in a Spanish prison. That it will learn why he was killed or kept in jail is almost too much to expect.

The Dictator of Cuba is too busy mapping out the great military manoeuvre by which the consolidated Spanish forces succeeded in allowing General Maceo to move his army right through them without a check to pay any attention to a mere request for information about the American citizen who for over a month has been buried, either alive or dead, and the State Department would not be rude enough to interrupt him with a demand.

The minor point that Dygert is guilty of no crime that could excuse his detention is lost sight of. The State Department queried the Consul-General at Havana, who in time replied that the Spanish Government paid no attention to his request for information. This the State Department reports to the American people in general and the unfortunate prisoner's distracted father and mother in particular, and is annoyed because neither the nation nor the family is satisfied. Walter Grant Dygert is not a man of either wealth or influence; if he had been, he would probably not have gone to Cuba to better his fortunes, but even his lack of these qualifications, pleasant to have, does not deprive him of the right to protection.

It is noticeable that Americans are the only foreigners in Cuba who are denied the right to communicate with the representatives of their Governments. When Honore Laine was arrested, charged with actual participation in the war against Spain, the French Consul was given access to him, and Laine, after a brief period of "incommunicado," was permitted to see his friends. The Consul of the United States put off even asking about Dygert until peremptorily ordered to do so by the Secretary of State, and then meekly submitted to the discourtesy of having this request ignored.

It is not remarkable that with such precedents the American citizen abroad is treated with no more consideration than he is at Washington when he asks for protection for a son in a foreign prison.

It is really a pity that the Sultan dislikes free speech in Congress and our ways generally, for we not only cannot alter them, but we propose to induce him to alter his ways.

THE DUPONT CASE.

Senator Mitchell proposes to go behind the returns of the Delaware Legislature to award a seat in the United States Senate to Henry A. Dupont. The vote in the State Senatorial contest of 1895 was a tie. There were thirty votes on joint ballot of the two houses, of which Colonel Dupont got fifteen. Among those voting against him was W. T. Watson, Speaker of the Senate of Delaware, who, under the Constitution of the State, was "Acting Governor," vice Governor Marvill, deceased. Senator Mitchell claims the seat in the United States Senate for Colonel Dupont on the plea that Watson could not have held two offices at the same time, because, according to common law, those offices are incompatible.

Senator Mitchell and the Delaware Constitution and five precedents to Mr. Watson's case do not agree. Delaware is peculiar. It is a small State of three counties only, where it is not necessary for the Governor to have a mansion even, the office is so unimportant. He lives at home, and has an office merely in the Capitol. Hence it is easy and compatible, in law as in practice, for the Speaker of the Senate to act as Governor till an election is held, and perform his own duties, too. That is what Mr. Watson did, and for doing that without protest from the Republicans of Delaware Senator Mitchell, of the National Senate, pleads that his vote was wrongfully cast and counted, and that, if disregarded now, there will be twenty-nine votes, of which Colonel Dupont got fifteen.

The effect of this would be that the United States Senate reviews and condemns the Constitution of Delaware, and uniform practice and local interpretation of the Constitution; that State Senator Watson is ousted from his seat, and the people whom he represents are summarily deprived of voice, without any process of law, in defiance of the State Constitution, and without any provision for electing a man to fill his place. The ostensible reason for this is that State Senator Watson occupied two offices which are alleged to be "incompatible," but the real reason is that Colonel Dupont is a Republican, and Republican voters are needed in the National Senate. Colonel Dupont has

no certificate of election, and his case is made up from sentiment and assumptions contrary to the law and the facts.

Minister Mavroyeni Bey did not obtain Turkish defenders in the Senate; hence his recall.

THE WAY OF THE JUROR.

Verily the ways of the juror pass all understanding!

Twelve men, who were supposed to possess sufficient intelligence to know their own minds, spent several days in listening to the evidence in the case of the People against William S. Devery. The case was completed, the jurors retired, and in the secrecy of the jury room each expressed his belief in the guilt or the innocence of the defendant. Then it was found that some were convinced that the prisoner was guilty of a great crime. Others believed him to be innocent.

The jury reported that they could not agree. Thereupon Justice Smyth, with the assumption that some of these jurors either did not know their own minds, or if they did, might eventually be urged, cajoled, coerced or—in the fear of being confined in the jury room for several weary days—actually browbeaten into changing their vote, if not their honest opinion, sent them back.

And His Honor's judgment was sound. The minority changed its opinion.

Far be it from us to cast the slightest reflection upon these estimable gentlemen! But are not the ways of jurors strange?

Politicians will have eighteen months to try to appreciate the importance of Greater New York.

EXPEDIENCY OR STATEHOOD.

Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma want to have done with the cumbersome system of Territorial government and enter into the not unalloyed joys of Statehood. Under our system, of course, it has always been contemplated that when the population and condition of the Territories had reached a standard they should become self-governing communities.

Nowadays there is little legislation that has not business or political expediency as a factor, if not as a basis. It has been the fashion of the East to oppose the admission of Western States, because it tended to diminish the power and threaten the political supremacy of the Atlantic States in the national legislative assemblies. The division of Dakota, and the creation of two States, with full powers and representation, when there need only have been one, has introduced a new factor into the question. Arizona and New Mexico, each 500 miles square—as large as all of New England—might take it into their legislative minds to split up into two or three States apiece, and so come into the Union finally as vastly more serious quantities in the make-up of majorities than at present. With silver legislation threatening, and a vast number of other questions to come up in which the West may be arrayed against the East, the number of prospective States must be a matter of serious concern. This cold-blooded way of looking at it is not as mercenary as it seems. A bit of legislation may be none the less meritorious or meretricious because it is advocated or opposed for political reasons. The legislation on the Cuban question is a case in point.

The moral or immoral of all this is that the cowboy Territories will become States now or later on, as Congress calculates the disadvantage of having them in and the dose over with in their present singular capacity, or elects to chance the plural evils later on.

The Raines bill will not make but it will confirm this State's Democracy.

Ex-Governor Campbell continues to decline the nomination for the Presidency with a persistence that indicates how near he thinks it is.

Not the least amazing, as it was certainly the most discreditable performance of the Republicans at Albany, was that which forced the Democrats to leave the Senate Chamber in a body. The actions of the Republicans were so flagrantly unjust that Senators Burns and Coggeshall, Republicans, objected and attempted to procure fair treatment. Their efforts were vain, and the disorder continued till Senator Cantor requested the Democrats to retire. It is not to be expected that the subalterns who run the Assembly under Platt's leadership would be just or fair, but there is no reason why they should go to the extremity of suppressing reasonable debate on public questions.

The assertion that the Democrats caused the hard times is not creditable to the candor of the Republican leaders or to the intelligence of the rank and file of Republican voters. As a matter of fact, the hard times came as a legacy of Republican legislation by the Reed Congress. The Treasury was depleted of gold under the Administration of President Harrison, and the income of the Government was not less than the expenses until the passage of the McKinley law. These facts are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to do more than refer to them. Every intelligent man knows them, and those who are not intelligent can readily confirm them. Despite this, however, Republican papers and Republican orators constantly repeat the well-known charges. They surely have no effect, because they are not only false, but absurd.

A Veritable Feast of Fact and Fiction.

The most talked of Englishman in New York to-day and the most popular is Albert Chevalier, whose first appearance at Koster & Bial's last Monday night evoked such a welcoming song of applause as was never heard before in an American music hall. Mr. Chevalier had not been in New York many hours before a Journal representative called on him and invited him to take a trip through the Bowery for the purpose of comparing it with the east side of London, a region which the English singer has studied with the most diligent care. This trip, including as it did visits to music halls and the mysterious Chinese quarter, will be fully described in our great issue of tomorrow, and on the same page will be found the words and music of the new song, "Dat's Straight," written and composed by Mr. Chevalier expressly for the Sunday Journal.

Perhaps you are interested in bicycling. If so read what Mr. Eddie Baid, the champion of American wheelmen, has to say on the subject. Possibly you enjoy a game of tennis now and then. In that case you should read the department to which Mr. Clarence Hobart contributes. Other forms of sport will be treated by different specialists.

The Spring exhibition at the Academy of Design is a remarkably good one this year and such of our readers as are interested in art will be glad to glance at the page that we have devoted to the subject. It contains reproductions of seven of the most noteworthy pictures at the Academy exhibition, besides descriptive text.

These are truly days of reform. The old-fashioned penalty for whispering in church was a cuff on the ear administered at the close of the benediction, but recently little Ida Crabtree was found guilty of the heinous crime and was sent to jail for ten days. Parents should read what the Journal says about it and children should be warned by little Ida's fate.

In Paris it has been found necessary to establish what they call a "Wild Theatre" for the special edification of young girls. The Journal has received from its correspondent at the French capital a full description of this novel playhouse, in which nothing but strictly moral performances will be given. We may have need of one in New York in the near future.

Another foreign correspondent sends us a graphic account of the manner in which certain favored American women have been presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Pictures of these ladies, with their fifteen-foot trains, will illustrate the article.

Kate Vaughn, the original "Gaiety Girl," the pioneer of the noble army of skirt dancers, is dying of consumption in London. Sunday's Journal will contain her romantic story.

A description of an Asiatic fire worshipper who is living and performing his acts of heathen worship in New York, and an account of an aged colored man who saw General Washington, are mere minor features in the great literary feast of fact and fiction that the Journal readers will find on the breakfast table to-morrow morning.

If you did not order your copy of this supplement yesterday, as we advised you to, do it to-day or you'll repent it on Sunday.

Willing to Be Quoted, and Otherwise

The great difference between the man who avows his complete and unconditional willingness "to be quoted" on any subject, and the man who withholds and refuses the use of his name for such purpose, is this: The man who is unwilling to be quoted generally comes pretty near to knowing what he is talking about, and the man who is ever ready and willing to be quoted doesn't.

"You can say for me," says the man who is willing to let an expectant world know something of his identity as well as his views, "that the hotels of St. Louis will never hold the crowds which will apply for admission to them at the June Convention, and what I say goes! Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of persons will be turned away from their doors, unable even to get a cot in the billiard room or a cup of coffee for a morning breakfast. They will find accommodations in private houses! Booh! No possibility of that. I tell you there won't be accommodations for one-fifth of the people that apply. They will have to go back home, and oh, my! won't there be a lot of kicking and a terrible pile of disappointment. I've looked over the field thoroughly, and have come to the conclusion that the hotels of St. Louis won't do, and you can put me down, just as strongly as you like, as saying this, and any man who disputes this statement and don't agree to it can come here any day during business hours, and I will guarantee to convince him, and if I don't there's a cool thousand in \$50 bills lying in that safe which I'll forfeit to any one if I don't."

Then the confident gentleman—the confident gentleman who was willing to be quoted unreservedly—turned to one of his clerks and asked him if it was true, as the caller had stated, that St. Louis was this side of Denver, or if the trip could be better made by way of Montreal. "The fact is," he said, "that I don't really know anything much about St. Louis, but nowadays if you want to have your name published you've got to tag it on to something that you claim to know about, and they're taking up St. Louis, and that's what caused me to say what I did."

Immersed in the consideration of the papers thickly strewn about his desk, with his right hand nervously separating one order from another, the Wall Street banker waited impatiently until his tenth caller that forenoon had made his appearance. "What is your business, sir," said the banker, "I understand very well your desire to get the information asked for, but if I were to tell you that I understand the subject thoroughly I would be saying what was not exactly so, for with the advance of time and the extension of knowledge, new discoveries are being constantly made, and it is not always easy to keep abreast with the changes. However, I can have no reluctance in telling you what I know about the matter, provided—see upon this I must insist—that you do not use my name, and, in fact, that my name does not appear, as I have no desire to have it connected with statements which might give offence to others and might perhaps be thought to invite their contradiction or condemnation."

Then he sat down quietly and told his visitor all he knew on the subject. And it was worth hearing.

A Pugnacious Reform Law.

[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.] Instead of forbidding the pug from fighting the law ought to be changed end for end so as to make them fight, and instead of having them wear gloves they should be compelled to put on brass knuckles. If such were the law there would soon be a scarcity of applicants for a belt.

About Statements.

[Pittsburgh Times.] About the worst feature in a statesman getting on his ear is his this incapaicating himself from hearing both sides.

Just as Sincere.

[Detroit Tribune.] Anyway, Quay's boom is just as sincere as the whisper of its opponents.

"The Last Stroke."

Alas, poor Cuba! The melodrama-mongers have seized upon it with a cruel avidity. With energetic, but cowardly enterprise, they have waited until Cuba was mourning with its own internal troubles, to rush in and melodramatize it all. Cuba has been free-free from melodrama—for years and years, but that freedom has gone. The stage villain has lobbed up in Caranzas; the long-suffering heroine has transplanted her scream of agony in the Cuban atmosphere, and rescue-mania has gone to that now particularly prominent country. Alas, poor Cuba! If ever rains but it pours. One trouble begets another.

Cuban melodrama in its most virulent form is now at the Star Theatre with "The Last Stroke." This is a play by I. M. Morris, and it is a bargain. Walter Sanford says that it is a bargain, in the following choice terms: "The largest dry-goods establishments in this country depend upon their bargain counters to draw custom to their stores, and Mr. Sanford's policy of offering his customers bargains in entertainments at a nominally low rate of admission, is bringing into the theatrical business an element that should prove the wisdom of the judgment that has induced him to make the change."

"The Last Stroke" is a bargain, and it is the most filling at the price—like suet pudding. Mr. Morris has done his work well, for it cannot be easy to call on the moving van and take a whole cargo of heroes, heroines and villains from New York and London to Cuba at a moment's notice. Mr. Morris has written a really rampaging story of play and the Cuban atmosphere is a pleasant change. Although I don't quite see why the ineffable Don Julio Valdez couldn't have abducted the admirable Lucile Vance just as well in a Kalamazoo, Mich., scene as in Tampa Bay, Florida, one does get to make a few concessions in favor of the topics of the hour. Cuba is a topic of the hour, and Mr. Morris reasoned justly that the public would prefer his villain as Don Julio rather than as John Smith. "The Last Stroke" is built upon the same lines as "The War of Wealth."

These lines encircle a sensation at the end of every act. No matter how much comedy may be waged during a scene, or how intensely you may have become in the skittish soubrette and the frolicsome juvenile, the stage is cleared once every half hour for a sensation. At the close of the first act of "The Last Stroke" poor Vance, the righteous "American citizen" (and all the Americans in this Cuban play simply perspire righteousness), is chained to the pillar of his house by Jose Zalara, the Valdez confederate, and the house is set on fire. It burns like a tinder box, but just as the unfortunate is about to roast pleasantly, he is rescued. In the meantime the villain, Don Julio, makes off with the swooning wife.

The sensation of the second act is supplied by gunpowder—and lots of it. This is a great mistake on the part of I. M. Morris. Audiences in New York don't like the shock of gunpowder. They can't endure it. The big production of "The Southerner," at the Academy of Music, failed on account of its incessant gunpowder. New Yorkers are unfortunately cursed with nerves. The piece de resistance of the third act is a big mob, that rushes into Padre Navarro's rectory, and breaks at least three pieces of real glass. It is a highly effective mob. All mobs are effective on the stage, but this scene is particularly good and picturesque.

I rather liked that meek little heroine Lucile Vance. After she believes her husband dead she takes orders—or something—and appears as the novice Sister Loyola. It is then that she becomes agreeable. That this little gray mouse's garb is extremely fascinating and it captivated me at once. She might have made an austere fright of herself, but she didn't. When hubby turns up, alive and kicking, he wishes to resume his marital relations with her. But she holds up the cross and tells him that the crucifix is now between them. She loves him, of course, but she belongs to the Church. Still, she is a pleasant little person, even though she does sing to an organ accompaniment, and she is in degrees more endurable than the ordinary melodramatic heroine.

"The Last Stroke," however, is bound to succeed. I repeat that it is a bargain. I've seen worse melodramas at Broadway theatres, and although I can't help feeling sorry for Cuba, now that the villain has got there, I am bound to admit that Mr. Morris seems to have hit the public taste in this play.

It is rather well acted. Frederic de Belleville as the Spanish secret service gentleman, with an abundance of red sashes round his waist and blue ribbons round his hat, does remarkably well. It is a role that verges dangerously upon the ridiculous, because it is one of those absurdly cavedropping parts that we laugh at when we are merrily inclined. John T. Sullivan is a highly impressive Padre Navarro, and stage fervor trickles from the brim of his broad-brimmed hat.

The United States Consul at Caranzas is amusingly interpreted by Samuel Edwards, a very clever actor, who would be able to play any part without making-up his abilities. Mr. Edwards is funny without the least effort, and I commend his work to our comedian-seeking managers. The juvenile part—a silly role, that copies the clothesless embarrassment of the funny man in "The Fatal Card"—is well acted by Harry Mills, who certainly gets out of the part all that is in it. Miss Helen Lowell is a tear-drenched heroine, Miss Ada Dwyer a Kathish-like Senora Martinez, the "female to Spain," and Madeline Luck the feminine Juror. "The Last Stroke" will be more serviceable to Walter Sanford than to Cuba. Poor Cuba!

ALAN DALE.

A Timely Warning.

[Chicago Times-Herald.] A great many men seem to be rushing headlong into politics, unmindful of the fact that they are about to add a number of chapters to his book of recollections.

Reed's Consolation.

[Kansas City Journal.] Mr. Reed's friends might fall back on the consoling reflection that the country is unwilling to lose its peerless Speaker of the House.

Some Consolation.

[Chicago Record.] Fortunately all these cries do not occur at once. The British inaugurate a new campaign in the Sudan, but the Kentucky Legislature adjourns.

Legislation and Whiskey.

[Milwaukee Journal.] For New York whiskey is as bad as the legislative conscience, the State will soon be either sober or sorry.

A Kalamazoo Opinion.

[Arlington Globe.] There never was a man who would die for a woman, and never a man who has not said he would do it cheerfully.

About Statements.

[Pittsburgh Times.] About the worst feature in a statesman getting on his ear is his this incapaicating himself from hearing both sides.

Just as Sincere.

[Detroit Tribune.] Anyway, Quay's boom is just as sincere as the whisper of its opponents.

Varnishing Day in Fifty-seventh Street.

It has been customary for the Society of American Artists to open its annual exhibition with a reception, to which only guests invited by card were admitted, and these receptions have been attended by large numbers of men and women of the sort that might be looked for at an artistic gathering. Very delightful affairs have these receptions been, too, in years gone by, and very great was the disappointment when it was learned that this year there was to be a "Varnishing Day," after the fashion of the Paris Salon, and with tickets at \$1 each.

Yesterday was "Varnishing Day" at the Fifty-seventh street galleries, and in all candor it must be said that the new function proved a decidedly unsatisfactory substitute for the reception of former years. There was no music, no "reception committee" composed of the most picturesque and winsome members of the society, no great throng of artists, writers and men and women of social distinction—those possible buyers of pictures whose importance in the eyes of tolling artists cannot be overstated. There was, however, a much better chance to see the pictures than there ever was before, and that ought to count for something at an exhibition of fine arts.

In former years visitors have carried away indistinct memories of scores of familiar faces, the ceaseless rustle of silken garments, and a confusion of babbling and distinct impressions of innumerable coat tails and striking dresses. From an artistic standpoint the display that was opened to the public yesterday afternoon in the manner described seemed to be a chance observer to be a particularly good one. The show prize this year went to Mr. Frank W. Benson, of Salem, for a decorative figure, "Summer," a work of a far higher order than last year's "Friendly Call."

It is impossible at this time to do justice to an exhibition containing as great a variety of pictures of merit as this one. The same snooker, who spent an hour in the galleries, yesterday afternoon, will not, therefore, attempt to do more than allude briefly to a few pictures that attracted his attention, and he does this knowing perfectly well that there are many more in every way worthy of thoughtful comment that he has overlooked.

Allice Marian Curtis shows in "The Street Royal" (220) a splendid field of flowers de lis, set like a purple stream in a framework of green hills and meadows. "The Gateway of the Iseyaan Temple," by Frank A. Dickson (65) is a bit of Japan, that has all the flavor of Oriental mystery, mazy age and romantic charm that might be looked for in illustrations of the "Arabian Nights." It conveys to the eye a distinct impression of Japan, which is something that cannot be truthfully said of all the pictures that come to us from that far off land.

"A Game Drive Through the Heather," by Robert W. Van Boskerck (74), is a charming bit of landscape that is certain to find many genuine admirers.

"Sunrise in January" (95) shows that the artist, William A. Coffin, has been an early riser at some time of his life. He has painted a bitter cold landscape of snow-covered fields, over which hangs a mackerel sky, red with the early blight of winter. It is a striking piece of work.

Abbott H. Thayer's "Roses" (124) is an exquisitely delicate and graceful composition, notably fine in respect to color. Mary F. MacMonnies exhibits a splendid bit of decoration called "The Breeze" (150), a draped female figure, with a background of blue studied with gold.

A beautiful nude figure is the "Study for Psyche" (236), exhibited by George H. Barse, Jr. "The Tramp," by August Franzen (216), is a sort of Rogers group done in colors on canvas. You can see the tramp and the woman who is feeding him, and the dogs that sniff at his heels, and the country that stretches away in the distance. It is all these, but the painter has seen nothing that either the tramp or the woman, or the dog could not see, and for that reason it seems a little out of place in a fine art exhibition.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

There are five millions of orthodox Jews resident in the dominions of the Czar, but in the Ukraine concerning the celebration of his coronation in May next, they are not so orthodox. Every other section of the Russian people is invited to be present by delegates. It is believed that this foreboding the approach of a new era of Jewish persecution.

M. Faure, President of France, is taking great interest in the welfare of the French soldiers. A few days ago he visited the barracks in May next, they are not so orthodox. Every other section of the Russian people is invited to be present by delegates. It is believed that this foreboding the approach of a new era of Jewish persecution.

Samuel Pilsnoll, the originator of the famous "Pilsnoll mark" to prevent the overloading of ships, formerly member of Parliament, at one time president of the National Amalgamated Sailors and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland, and author of "Our Seamen and their Ships," is dangerously ill. He was born in 1824, and went into Parliament for the express purpose of helping the sailors' cause. Mr. Pilsnoll has been a member of the House of Commons for many years, and is bringing about the passage of several amendments to the shipping laws.

Letters from the People.

It was the beginning of the service, Lazarus, with his eyes upon the table, chanted the responses, and I, who knew the lines of the ritual, looked at Miriam, who I assure you, was delighted to behold, particularly when her eyes twinkled and they did now.

By the time he had finished the Seder, Rosnosky's troubled spirit had become soothed, and the final grace was delivered in a voice so calm and with a manner so soothing, that when he looked up Lazarus was emboldened to speak.

"You are angry with me, Father Rosnosky," he ventured.

"Let us not speak of unpleasant things this night," replied the tailor, gently. "This is a holy night."

Lazarus, in no way abashed, deftly left the old man to expound some of the intricate saying of the rabbis upon the Passover, which Rosnosky, who was something of a theologian, did with great eagerness. Now, how it came about I cannot tell, but Lazarus was so greatly interested in this discussion and Rosnosky was so determined to prove that the old rabbis were all in the wrong on this one point, that when the meal was over he declared that if Lazarus would call the next night he would have a book that would convince him. Lazarus had the discretion to take his departure. When he had gone Rosnosky puffed his pipe in silence for some moments. Then, with a quaint smile, he turned to me and said:

"The young roisterer."

And then he gazed at Miriam until she grew red.

I have received a letter inviting me to the Seder to-night at the house of Lazarus. There was a postscript from Miriam.

RUDOLPH E. BLOCK.

Saying the Seder: A Tale of the East Side.

Another day and the Feast of the Passover is here. To-night the Seder is said and there will be many happenings which so forever unchorded. Upon the eve of the last Passover the Seder was said, and for that matter, it has been said every year since the Exodus—and there were diverse happenings which have never been written down. There is one story, however, that shall not be lost, for Lazarus has given me leave to tell it.

Lazarus, he it known to you, was enamored of Mary—which, in Hebrew, is Miriam—the daughter, housekeeper and pearl of my friend Rosnosky, a wrinkled little tailor, whose store stands on Delancey street, not far from Essex. It was